

The History of

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall:
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputeles banishment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By beeing seldome scene, I could not stir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tel their children, This is he:
Others would say, where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,
And drest my selfe in such humiliry,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're scene, but wondred at, and so my state
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast
And wan by rarenes such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With shallow iesters, and rash bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gaue his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common streetes,
Enfeost himselfe to popularity,
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfettted with hony, and began to loath,
The taste of sweetnes, whereof a little

Henric

More then a little, is by much
So when he had occasion to
He was, but as the Cuckow is
Heard, not regarded: scene bu
As sicke and blunted with con
Affoord no extraordinary ga
Such as is bent on sun-like M
VVhen it shines seldome in a
But rather drowzd, and hung
Slept in his face, and rendred
As cloudy men vse to do to th
Being with his presence, glut
And in that very line, Harry f
For, thou hast lost thy princel
VVith vile participation, No
But islaweary of thy common
Saue mine, which hath desired
VVhich now doth that I wo
Make blinde it selfe with fool

Prin. I shall hereafter, my t
Be more my selfe. *Kin.*
As thou art to this howre, wa
VVhen I from France set foo
And euen as I was then is Per
Now by my scepter and my f
He hath more worthy interest
Then thou, the shadow of suc
For of no right nor colour lik
He doth fill fieldes with harn
Turns head against the Lion
And being no more indebt to
Leades ancient Lords, and reu
To bloody battels, and to br
VVhat neuer dying honor ha
Against renowned Dowglas:
VVhose hot incursions, and
Holds from all Souldiers chic
And military title capitall,

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